NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne, "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME

NAME PRODUCED BY PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.

the stationmaster.

tiently.

the buy.

come.

the wharf.

demanded Hernandez.

"When does the next train go?"

The official yawned. "When she re-

Hernandez stamped his foot impa-

to by the arm. "Look." he cried, they

"Ponto," said Hernandez, "that lit-

CHAPTER XLI.

Pestilence.

single file, up the parrow overgrown

shore road, slapping and swatting

mosquitoes to their heart's content.

They turned. An officer closing up

strode on with brisk pace. "Let me

get ahead there if you please," he

said, "there's something that I don't

like about this place-I want to have

Scarcely had he said it before a

native woman darted out of a tumble

down hut-one of many that fronted

"Madre di Dios," she cried in shrill

He was the ship's surgeon.

As Annette's party passed along,

they shall not get away."

their rear, saluted.

on the shore road.

him by the knees,

For the love of heaven."

Senor, senora, senorita-help."

the others what she said.

me. Go your way."

ooking building.

your hands-

pajamas, smoking a cigar.

it is ruin. Say not so."

ish Don. He stopped.

Go on, everybody," he c

the Inn of the Spanish Don.

Annette and her little party pro-

Hut after hut the surgeon entered,

Finally he found his way to the cen-

er of the town and made an inquiry.

He was directed to a somewhat formal

The surgeon strode on into the

house. He found the mayor in his

The surgeon seated himself and ac-

cepted a palmleaf fan. "Sorry," he

said, "but your place reeks with yel-

Mayor Ramon Carrol started up.

'Madre di Dios," he cried, "what-not

The surgeon nodded. "Don't get ex-

cited, Senor Carrol," he returned, "for-

tunately the Albany is in the road-

stead. I'll fetch over a hospital force.

We'll do what we can. Have you got

a piece of paper-I want half a dozen

sheets. That's what I came here for."

His way lay past the Inn of the Span-

He got them and went on his way.

"Here, Gunner Hardin," he cried,

'come out in the road and spray me

not even Mrs. Hardin-if you follow

anyhow, to ward the fever off. But

I'll do more-I'll have mosquito net-

He distributed the sheets of official

paper he had obtained from Mayor

"Sit down-all of you-anywhere,

And then he dictated the warning

"The important thing," went on the

with this." Neal sprayed him.

another one. They will impeach me-

ions, and then went on his way,

ceeded forthwith to the hotel-a flimsy

a look.

turns from Tortuga, the pestilential-

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On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Hington from an open hoat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Hington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a wain attempt to get papers which Hington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his damptir, papers proving his Hills to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Chenabar. Hington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years clapes. Hernandez, now an opium sming-gler, with Ponto, Inex, a female accomplice, not the mindless brute that once was Hington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Chenabar Hardin is fiving with her son Neal and Annette Hington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treathery of Josey Welchor is defeated by Josey and discraced, Neal enlists in the pavy. Inex sets a trap for Jose and the conspirators get him in their power. Annette therovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost beland. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts. Hernandez, Annette and Neal cach securing a portion. Annette sails on the Coronale in search of her father. The crew multing and are overcome by a boarding party from U.S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are insured to be slown up with dynamite, but are rescued by a sponge diver inex force on the Sun City and Annette is affered as a macrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines from the Albany. possibly tomorrow afternoon."

WINTH INSTALLMENT

THE YELLOW PERIL

CHAPTER XL.

The Pests of Tortuga. The commander of the Albany low- they heard a quick step behind them. ered his glasses. He beckened to Neal Hardin, a gunner on his ship. Neal answered the summons and sa-

Suted "You may inform your friend Miss flington and her party that in half an hour they will be set ashore at Tortugu," he directed,

Neal started off, "One moment," added the commander. "Tell Miss Ilington that I'd like to speak to her." Neal found Annette and delivered the message-and in a moment Annette was at the commander's side.

"Miss Elington," said the commander, "without intruding, may I ask the purpose of your extensive peregrinazion ?"

"Perogrination describes it," said Annette laughing, "and you may," She glanced about her-even therea bit stealthily, and produced her chamois bag, and from it took the map-the old time-worn, yellow, tattered parchment map of the Lost Isle of Cinnibar. The commander glanced at it with interest.

"Hum." he said at length, "no longitude, no Intitude."

Annette smiled. "Heat brings out the hidden inscription," she returned, "the latitude is there but you can't



Annutto Ministers to the Sick.

see it-so is the longitude. I know it by heart-18 degrees 30 minutes surgeon sat down in the hotel office north and 123 degrees 40 minutes and harangued Annotte's party. He west-and there, somehow, I hope to harrangued them from a distance, "You meet my father-and find his quick- people," he said, "are in no dangersilver mines."

"Pacific ocean," mused the com- my instructions. mander, "off Mexico, Central America-South America-but not far off, surgeon, "is the mosquitoes. It isn't There's something in my mind about likely the bites you've got have done that locality-what is it? I've heard you any harm. I'll leave you tablets 4alk about it somewhere, Something-I can't recall."

He returned the map. "What I de- ting fetched over from the ship and sired to say, Miss Hington," he went you can sleep under it at night. Now on, "is this-if I had my way I'd take | I want help-" you there. But the United States navy has other duties to perform. Youder is Tortuga. We'll see you Ramon Carrol, safe ashore-and if we find the shore dan't safe, we'll see you safe ashore he commanded, "and write out what I ry the pestilence. One might call it some other place. I am expecting or- say. It'll be in Spanish-and it's got the mosquito sickness just as well. ders daily, to return. Glad to have to be plain. I'll spell the words so And at dusk, then is their time—then

An hour later Annette and her party disembarked from one of the that was posted that afternoon in all grimly. He felt that Ponto was hold-Albany's launches,

CONDENSATIONS

An English woman married to a ality Chelmorton Church, in the Derby-

shire peak, is the highest church in England. It is regarded as a death warning

Norfolk has more churches in proportion to its population than any othar English county.

NOTICE.

All people are hereby warned that yellow fever is carried by mosquitoes. Avoid being bitten if you can and kill all the mosquitoes you find

RAMON CARROL, Mayor. In co-operation with U. S. S. Albany.

"Gunner," he said to Neal, "you're on shore leave, I know. But I'd be glad if you'd buckle to and tack these up in town. I'll go back to the ship and get my squad and a few supplies, Until then good by." That afternoon Ramon Carrol, the

Back in the jungle, on the outskirts his official uniform, in the middle of of the Aztec village of Corazon del his doorway, surrounded by a clamor-Sol, a few days before, three men- ing mob. "See, now, my people," he ex-

mayor of Tortuga, stood, now clad in

accompanied by a native guide or two -had crept through the jungle toward claimed, "there is no cause for alarm. civilization and the shore. On the See what I am doing for you-what second day they had reached a rail- other mayor has done so much? Note way station, such as it was, and a rail- the magnificent cruiser-of the United road, such as it was. They found States-the Albanez- I have sent for it-it has come-at my request. Upon that cruiser are the most wonderful specialists in the world-they are among you-see, yonder-see their white coats-here, there, everywhere, Out of my private fortune (which is vast, my children) out of my private fortune I am paying all these special-Hours later from a clump of trees ists. . He nighted suddenly a figure on the outskirts of the crowd. on the outskirts of Tortuga Hernan-His manner changed. The figure was dez. Ponto and Brute peered across that of the surgeon of the Albanyhe pressed forward and joined the Suddenly Hernandez clutched Pon-

mayor. 'Ah, senor," said the mayor, speaking in a low tone and rapidly, "I have Through the opening in the leaves been telling my people-see I have he pointed toward the wharf. Annette congregate them for the purposeand her little coterie were landing on how noble, beneficent your country is -how you have, free of all charge tle wildcat of a girl-she and her and without expense-come to our smooth-faced aweetheart-they have prosperous little community and have the sun god. They are rescued tricked us long enough. This time light the pestilence. They are grate-

The surgeon snorted. "Excuse me for a moment," he exclaimed. He darted down the street and caught a young woman by the arm just as she was entering an adobe hut.

The young woman was Annette Ilington.

'You young renegade," he cried, sternly, "I thought I told you to keep away-hands off-you'll kill yourself." From inside there came a low moaning sound-a wail. Annette broke away from the sur-

geon's grasp. "Gee whiz," he said, "you're strong. The wail inside turned to speech-

quavering Spanish-"Little white angel," cried the voice, "come, little white angel-and lay your hands on me. Come quick, before I die."

CHAPTER XLII.

accents. "Americanos-help-succor. Pernicious Plots. She kneeled by the roadside and as It was after dark. Out of a clump the surgeon swung along, she clasped of trees upon a hill there sauntered forth a man-this man was Ponto, He "My child-my man child-my only picked his way carefully-warily. Beone," she walled, in the Spanish fore he knew it he was where he tengue, "he is at death's door. Help, wanted not to be-in the streets of the town. Once in, he started out, The surgeon lifted the woman to but something attracted his attention. her feet. He spoke soothingly in A little crowd of men and women Spanish to her, and turned and told stood about a placard tasked upon the side of a hut. Ponto read it swiftly. ing up the road, "let nobody follow cantly. He had heard rumors-this

confirmed them. "Mosquitoes," he said softly to himself, "mosquitoes." He tucked the affair, rejoicing in the cognomen of word mosquitoes back in the inmost recesses of his mind and went his way. Skirting the town he reached glancing quizzically into the face of the Inn of the Spanish Don. From ome sufferer-nodding solemnly with the rear he spied a figure in a window. He whistled softly. pursed-up lips-left tablets and direc-

A woman in the window started slightly, and peered out.

Ponto clambered up to the window and noiselessly tore the net from it. immediately replacing it as best he might. He sniffed the air. "Ah," whispered Inez Castro softly,

'I am smeared with crude oil-face and hands and ankles. I am immune. Here, you smear also, Ponto." "Where," queried Ponto, "is the map?

low fever-you've got an epidemic on "So far as I determine," answered Inez, "she has it still."

"You cannot get it?" "Not unless I show my hand," said

Ponto shook his head. "Not," he returned, "until the chief says the word. What of mine host?" he quer-"A blood-sucker." answered Inez;

he'll do anything for coin." "Summon him," said Ponto.

The proprietor was summoned. At the door, at sight of Ponto he started back in surprise. But Ponto held his finger on his lips, and exhibited a multitude of coins in the open palm of his hand. The proprietor advanced and quickly appropriated the coin. "More later," whispered Ponto, "sit

down-confer with us." An hour later Ponto-a black patch on the background of black night itself-stealthily pushed open the door of a hut in the middle of a clump of small trees on a hill.

A man inside, waking suddenly, as suddenly sprang up, knife in hand. "Soft, capitan," whispered Ponto, "it

is but I." The two men struck a light and sat

down facing each other. Ponto spoke in measured tones-ev ery word that he uttered from now on contained portent. He knew what he was about. In the back of his head he had an idea-baleful but useful.

"Yes," he said, "the mosquitoes carthey bite the worst-

"Go on," commanded Hernandez ing semething back.



"Our young friend of the mapthat is what they call ber-every- the map of Lost Isle," he said, "and where. The little white angel. She if it is not then forthcoming. goes about from hut to hut-from fever-stricken patient to fever-stricken patient-yet she survives. But she will answer any call,"

He leaned forward. "You understand, capitan," he said, "she will an- he commanded, "and the gloves." swer any call. Let sickness call to her, she goes. "Ah," said Hernandez, "that is well

And the gunner-where is he?" any call."

"Um," said Hernandez, "go on-go

through this clump of bushes where hill. we sit-down in yonder hollow-"

Ponto shaded his mouth with his know the way." hand, "Whisper," he returned, "whis-

glittering eyes "It's here." he said, In his turn tapping his forehead. "I have &. By heaven, this time they shall not get

CHAPTER XLIII,

Perilous Places.

Ten days later Annette Illngton. now called the little white angel even -crouched at her feet.

"Little white angel," whined the native in Spanish-and Annette had to appeals for help-"my daughterjust like you-so kind, and pretty. She lies at death's door. You have dez, "is the place of which I told. food, you have medicine—and you can lay your hand on her. She will get well. What you have done for othera you can do for her."

An officer from the Albany turned dreams. Now take us back." the corner. Annette's heart leaped. The man was Neal Hardin. "Neal," she cried, "listen to him-

talk to him for me. Ask him where Hernandez, "close mouth for two days his daughter is-I'll go unless it's too at any rate, you dog."

Neal spoke to the man in his native language. The man jabbered back started for the nearest tavern, and eloquently. "Only a short distance out of town,"

said Neal, "over that hill." "I'll go," said Annette.

right," he said, "and I'm free just And then, to prove he was an honest now. I'll go with you."

alacrity and ran crookedly ahead of so very, very rich in such a short space them. Outside of the town they of time . . . they listened to him plunged into undergrowth and then open mouthed. Among them were ping from the quagmire and set her through woods-but the ground was men, sober men, whose familles had dry and the trail was fairly good.

paused and motioned them in. Neal and Annette entered side by his feet and grabbed the boaster by then, with the instinct of a brute and side. In a dark corner was a huddled the scruff of the neck-and, notwithshape under a filthy cloth. Annette standing struggles, carried him, pell sprang toward it. At that instant the | mell, from the wine shop. native dropped to the ground and in his eyes. And at the same instant hand-the surgeon was there. Mrs.

He paused. "Go on," said Neal, 'what then?

At the end of two minutes he thrust his watch back into his pocket. He signed to Ponto. "The helmets,"

Ponto produced two sets of crudelyfashioned head nets and hand gloves made of mosquito netting. Inex had told him how to make them. Hern-"Everywhere-he, too, will answer andez donned one set and Ponto donned the other. Neal and Annette, each with a

guard of two behind, were forced to Ponto's eyes gleamed. "Ah," he leave the hut, and forced down the said, "one mile out of town-and trail on the farther side of the small

After fifteen minutes' walk they "Go on," commanded Hernandez, halted. Ponto spoke sharply to the what lies down in the hollow by this native who was with them.

"Lead on." he commanded; "you "Ah," said the native, "I and mighty

No one-not even he-shall few beside. Be careful now." Ponto turned to Hernandez. "This," For a moment he whispered into the he said, "is the cause of all the pestiear of Hernandez. When he had fin- lence—this is the quagmire at the botm of our hill "There are not so many mosquitoes

here," returned Hernandez, enough in fact.' The native grinned. "Not now-but

at night-at night they are legionthey are fiends, foul fiends. And they breed pestilence. On. Follow me." Back at the Inn of the Spanish Don Neal Hardin's mother began to grow restive-Annette had not returned-Neal was nowhere to be seen. Once by the shore squad from the cruiser, the surgeon stepped in and inquired felt her skirts plucked by a clutching for Neal. After that Mrs. Hardin hand. She looked down. A native-a made inquiries of her own. No one mere bag of bones in a jumble of rags knew where he was-no one had seen

the little white angel. Out in the swamp Neal and Annette were conducted to a small, swamp learned enough of the tongue to listen | islet, green with dark growth-upon which there was barely foothold. "This," said the native to Hernan-

> From this there is no escape. Hernandez bowed. "You have chosen pests and pestilence, your friends,"

> he said. "Good-night, and pleasant Back at the hut, the native was bow-

> ing low. Hernandez poured much coin into his hand. "And mind," said In one way he was close-mouthed.

In another way he . well, he bent his elbow with great frequency and every time he bent his elbow he opened his mouth-and to some pur-. after awhile he began to Neal pondered for a moment. "All treat-and talk-and show his money. man and no thief, like others there, he The native leaped to his feet with began to tell just how he had become been ministered to by the angel sent At the door of a hut the native from heaven-a little white angel.

Back in the Inn of the Spanish Don. clutched Neal's ankles tightly in each | the proprietor was protesting that he hand. At the same instant the hud- had not seen Gunner Neal-had not died figure in the corner leaped to its | learned of the whereabouts of the lit- torches, was answering Neal's whisfeet-it was no stricken girl-it was | the white angel-Senorita Annette II- | pered question. Hernandez, with the light of triumph ington. A dozen bluejackets were on Ponto and the brute sprang into the Hardin, wild-eyed in the glare of the couldn't get it. Last week I gave it smoky lamps, was sobbing hysterical-It was only a matter of a moment ly. Inez looked on calmly. Suddenly of the Albany." before Annette and Neal found them- into the midst of this company was selves bound and lying on the floor. propelled an intoxicated native—a bag

of bones clad in a jumble of rags. Another native pounced upon him and shook him like a terrier shakes a rat "This man, senor," said the sober native, "curses on him-he knows where the little white angel is. Come,

he will guide us there. Tell them, you The dog told. He didn't want to. but neither did he like the prick of bayonets through his hide-so he told. and then he led the way. By the time they had reached the outskirts of the town, the whole town was with them Hernandez, in his hut, heard the commotion. He knew in his bones what it was. "Come on," he cried to

away-you swore it, too." "How will we get there," shivered Ponto.

Ponto, "we're going back into that

swamp-I swore they should not get

"The Brute is a brute," said Hernandez, "where he has been once, he can always find the way. Come. Lead

on-lead on. The Brute, under the usual stimulant of cuffs and blows, led on. Ponto followed. At the edge of the swamp Hernandez, with a wicked smile dropped silently to one side and crawled behind a clump of bushes.

Out on that fateful listet in the center of the quagmire, Neal, his eyes heavy Hdded with sleep, was holding Annette in his arms. She was oblivious. Suddenly he woke her up and sprang to his feet, drawing her with

"Someone comes," he whispered. No sooner had he said it than the Brute was upon them. He seized Neal as in a vise. But Neal-a trickster in a wrestling match-wriggled out of his grasp. He seized a heavy stick and lunged at the Brute. The Brute engaged him once again. Ponto tore the stick away from Neal, and whirling it about his head, brought it down with a resounding crack upon Neal's hend.

Neal dropped like a log. Ponto, knowing the reason for haste turned and looked about him. He was puzzled by Hernandez' absence. but this was no time to wonder. He Annette.

drew a knife and started toward "This time," he cried, "you shull not get away." Annette ran, crookedly, hysterical-

ly, across the small islet. In another instant she was waist deep in the quagmire, and still sinking. Ponto from terra firma, lunged at her with his knife-but his lunge fell short. Annette struggled away-tried to reach some place of safety. But her way was blocked by a waterlogged piece of wood. Against this she rested, wide-eyed, watching Ponto's efforts-sinking, sinking all the time.

For the first time she screamed. The Brute, busy with Neal who lay upon the ground, heard her and swung around. He saw what was happening. Ponto has raised his knife on high. it at the girl-and Ponto's aim was never get away." snarled

Ponto. At that Instant the Brute seized a heavy stone in his hand, and



He Spied a Figure in a Window hurled it with tremendous force at him. It grazed his head, stunning him. The Brute, grasping in his hand a sapling, leaned far out from the shore of the little islet and with one hand grasped Annette, drew her, drip on dry land.

. Behind him he heard shouts. In a frenzy of fear, he seized Ponto's One of these men suddenly sprang to body, slung it over his shoulder, and not a man, he leaped lightly, but sure ly, from bog to bog, and disappeared along some pathless trail. Ten minutes later A motic, in the

> midst of a motley crow of tars and natives-and in the glare of many "No, dear," she whispered back, "they didn't get the map. They

-for safe keeping-to the commander And then she fainted dead away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SNAP SHOTS

The strawberry appears to excel the blackberry in this respect: It does not grow on a cob.

Your chance of becoming rich is only a little better than your chance of being elected pope of Rome. In the Samoan islands is a broad of

more than 200 pounds and the cows 150 pounds. Moscow offers a good market for carbolic acid and chlorids of lime, bycause of the expected outbreak of eri-

TIME'S RAPID FLIGHT

FASHION'S CHANGES FOLLOW IN QUICK SUCCESSION

Ample Evidence That We Are All of Us Very Transitory and of Little Real Importance in the

World. The pictures of women's fashions of twenty years ago look as quaint to us today as the fashions of a like period of time prior thereto probably looked a score of years ago, and as odd and queer as the fashions of a similar length of time before that doubtless seemed to the observer of two-score

years ago, and so on. At almost any

date the modes of a decade or two

previous appear more or less ridiculous, and this was probably so all the way down the corridors of time clear to Eve, when, there being no fushious to look back to, there was, of course nothing queer about them. In the days of tight skirts we tookes back with amusement to the days of hoops and crinoline. When hangs were in vogue we smiled at the recollection of the chignon and waterfall, just as the days of the straight front found the recollection of the Grecian bend highly diverting. At any date, from the present back to the time of

up a fashion publication of a few years before and enjoy a hearty laugh. And so it will doubtless ever be; the correct thing of yesteryear is the laughing stock of today, and the modes of the present will be either humorous or pathetic, according to how you look

Godey's Ladies' Book, one could pick

at them, a few years hence. And it is not alone in the matter of woman's garments that this rule holds good. The cabinet organ, once supposed to be a musical instrument; the Populists, thirty years ago suspected of being a political party; the silver-tongued stateamen of yore, with their tremendous pomposity and appalling emptiness: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom," once venerated as vehicles carrying messages of vital import; all are now the subjects of jests by the

light-minded. The elocutionist, the dodo, the torchlight parade, the blue-grass cure, spirit-rappings, the original Swiss Rell Ringers, madstones, croquet and very many more once held the center of the stage, but having served well or III their predestined purposes, are gone forever. The world does move!-

When Soldiers Were Not Paid. It is gratifying to know that our men in khaki, who, according to Mr. Asquith, are now costing between Failing to strike—he was about to huri | £250 and £300 a head, receive their pay with commendable promptitude. In the prolonged campaigns of former times our soldlers often received no pay for years, and considered them-selves lucky if they then procured small part of what was due to them. In one of his dispatches, May 27, 1703, Marlborough complains of the great hardships suffered by a certain regiment to whom £5,500 was due, and out that it would "much tribute to the service if some part of it were paid to enable the colonel the better to clothe his regiment and the officers to support themselves in the army."-London Chronicle.

Use for Prisoners of War. Austria has discovered a scientific use for prisoners of war. Doctor Poch, professor of anthropology and ethnology at the University of Vienna, has been granted the sum of \$800 by the government to conduct anthropological researches among the captives of Austrian arms. He will measure their skulls, tabulate the color of hair and eyes, collect data as to dialect and otherwise subject these human specimens to the scientific "once-over" many times repeated. The good doctor is said to be wildly enthusiastic over the prospect of so large and varied a collection of human material tor his investigation.

"Tired Hunter" Was a Corpse.

When H. L. Burr went to his grist mill, near Ball's Mills, he found leaning against the door what he at first supposed was a tired hunter who had stopped to rest.

When he came closer he found it was the body of H. Franklin Spotts. who had by all indications placed the muzzle of a shotgun in his mouth and pulled the trigger with his foot, blowing out his brains.-Williamsport (Pa.) Dispatch Philadelphia Inquirer.

Worthy Sentiment.

"I wish," said Dubbleigh, as he read certain excuses made by certain people in a section of the world that we shall not identify other than by saying that It was "somewhere in Beigium." "that good old Homer was alive

"What for-to write an epic?" queried Bingletop. "Epic nothing," retorted Dubbleigh. "To smite the blooming lyres."

Why He Was Sure to Advance. Clarence presented himself before the father of the girl whom he hoped to marry and declared his intentions. "I have no serious objections." said the father, "but is there any chance of promotion for you or an increase in your salary "

"Is there?" exclaimed Clarence cagerly. "I don't see how I can beln it! Why, my position is next to the lowest one in the whole establishment!"

Duck Turned Into Soap. At the State university museum in Lincoln, Neb., is the body of a duck that has turned largely into soap. This is the first known specimen of the kind. Doctor Walcott explains the phenomenon by saying that the duck was fat and that the water, aikali and hot aun simply made some of that nortion of the duck that was susceptible

A Question. "Dat spaniel of yours must be some

acrapper' "()h no Spaniels do not fight." "Den how did he git his face pushed

in ?"-Louisville Courier-Journal.

of being so transformed

John Sell of Osnaburg, O., although ninety-four years old, is the champion walker of his county. A hike of 12 German takes her husband's nation miles a day is nothing unusual. He ascribes his fine physical condition

you won't go wrong. Begin."

the public places of the town,

to walking. King George of England is the inventor of a stove that will serve as an open grate in one room of a house in some parts of Germany to hear a and cook meals in the usual way in another.

In Japan, if a bride dislikes taking her husband's name she may adopt him into her own family.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Among our natural curiosities is the bore, so called because he never comes to the point.

Many a man takes the rest cure by sending his wife to the country.

who has not bad habits. It is Cupid's business to see that

Life is monotonous only to the man

Some of us can even get pleasure out of our troubles by telling them to other people.

pretty sure to get in. Those people are mighty lucky whose family jars are all kept in the pantry.

A little push is worth more in the and than a political pulls

When the sheriff is actually working at his job, the lynching often is

frustrated.

What finally became of that deadly weapon, the folding bed?

You may be able to keep the wolf from the door, but the mosquitoes are When a man talks about a bargain he means real estate. When a woman cattle the bulls of which seldem weigh talks about a bargain it is something at the dry goods store.

> It can also be said that those who go crasy over a popular song make a short journey. demics this spring.